

MT. STERLING ADVOCATE.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL, IDENTICAL IN INTEREST WITH ITS OWN PEOPLE.

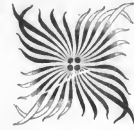
VOL. V

MT. STERLING, KENTUCKY, TUESDAY OCTOBER, 16, 1894.

NO. 12

DO YOU

WANT TO BUY A GOOD SUIT OF CLOTHES ?
WANT TO BUY A GOOD OVERCOAT ?
WANT TO BUY A GOOD HAT ?
WANT TO BUY A PAIR OF BOOTS OR SHOES ?
WANT TO BUY GOOD FURNISHING GOODS ?



If you want to buy any of the above enumerated goods at low prices, go to

Main Street.

L. B. RINGOLD, [Mt. Sterling, Ky.]



BLACK DRESS GOODS.

They are such staple articles, and the prices are now so low that it will pay you to buy even if you don't need them at present. You can pack away in your trunk until you do need them, and thus save money over the prices later on. Write for samples if you want to see nice goods.

It is a part of our business to answer letters and give information about Dry Goods. Ask for a Catalogue, if you want one.

This is one of the most important departments in a Dry Goods store and is one to which we have always paid a great deal of attention.

It is a more important now than ever before, as black goods are so confined to ladies wearing mourning. Many ladies wearing colors always have one black dress.

The wool and all very elegant figures are much in demand for this dress.

Our rule has been only to buy the best makes, such goods as are sure to give satisfaction, and it has been a good one, for we are now selling dress goods to customers whose grandmothers bought and were pleased with those we sold fifty years ago.

We carry Laines and Bon Jours in French and Kentucky (not Kentucky) in English goods. We keep the best makes in French, including (not Kentucky) in English goods. We keep the best makes in French, including (not Kentucky) in English goods.

We also have a beautiful line of black fabrics, such as short tulle, 60c, 60c, 60c, 60c, 10c, 10c and 10c.

Camel-hair creases, cheviot effects, Serges, 40c, 40c, 40c, 40c, 10c and 10c.

Beautiful figured silk wares, at L.B. and L.B.

The Stewart Dry Goods Co. (INCORPORATED)

NEW YORK STORE LOUISVILLE, KY.

HEADLEY & WITHERS,

Wholesale Jobbers.

SELL CHEAP FOR CASH Cured Meats of all kinds. Ham, Bacon, Lard, Bologna Sausages, and the Finest

Will Pay Cash or Sell on Commission Eggs, Chickens, Ducks, Butter and All Country Produce.

54 EAST VINE STREET, Opposite Market House, Lexington, Ky.

This firm is reliable and responsible. ADVOCATE PUBL. CO.

Black Bird coal by the car load at 9c. At A. M. Jones. 11-3.

WHITCOMB-BATES.

A Brilliant Wedding Last Sunday Morning at Salt Lick.

Chris Whitcomb and Miss Anna Bates were married at the M. E. Church, Salt Lick, Ky., at 8 o'clock a. m. Sunday, Nov. 10, 1894. A select party of guests, numbering only the nearer relatives and most intimate friends were in attendance. The company just pleasantly filling the church, which was resplendent with the bloom and fragrance of flowers. As the young couple entered the church to the melody of a wedding march, rendered by Miss Reginald, of Farmers, and T. A. Vernon, of this place. The music, the glitter of the light over the pretty appointments and over all the spell of the spirit of such an occasion, combined to make the solemn marriage ceremony most beautifully impressive. The remembrance of a multitude of friends here and elsewhere, in the shape of the customary gifts to the bride and groom, were many and valuable. The good will offerings of well-wishers were received from Mt. Sterling, Corydon, Cattleburg and other places.

The young couple went to Covington, where they will spend a week. Mr. Whitcomb is well known in that city, being a member of the firm of Whitcomb Bros. The wife, who surrounded a name quite familiar to the people of this community, will wear to its greater honor, the good name he gives her. As Laura Bates, and Mrs. Whitcomb, words will convey no greater tribute than we can offer in saying she is a true woman in all the word implies. We join their many friends, who will unite in wishing them the future happiness they deserve.

Burned.

On last Wednesday night the stables of Mrs. Jennie Cromwell on East Main street burned. Loss \$150, insurance \$100. Sam Turley had the stables rented and lost about \$25 in hay and tools. It is supposed some crap shooters were in the building and that the fire originated from a cigar.

Rev. Everett Gill preached to good congregations at the Baptist church Sunday morning and evening. One addition at the evening service and one baptism. Mr. Gill preaches next Sunday morning and evening and every other Sunday thereafter.

Figures compiled by the Secretary of the New Orleans Exchange show an increase in the movement of the cotton crop for the week ending Friday of \$3,000,000, over the corresponding period of last year, and \$9,000,000 over the year before.

In a drunken riot among Hungarian miners at Malistay near Wilkesbarre, Penn., Saturday a boy and a man were killed, a man and girl fatally wounded and several other more or less severely hurt.

George Stockdale, of this county, on last Thursday night fell asleep on the railroad track of the C. & O. with his foot on a rail and a passing train so crushed it that amputation was necessary.

BLOOD FOR BLOOD.

The Wild Work of a Drunken Man at Beattyville.

Sheriff Killed, and the Murderer Hanged by a Mob.

A gentleman who returned from Beattyville Sunday night brings news of a bloody affray at the gates of the Fair Grounds at that place.

On Saturday afternoon a drunken man, Oscar Morton, from near Stanton, Powell county, presented himself at the gate and demanded admission to the Fair Grounds. The gate-keeper refused to let him pass without a ticket. Morton, still trying to pass, was knocked down twice by the gate-keeper, Chas. Hogg. Morton then went off, and, arming himself with two pistols, came back to the gate and declared he would pass in. The Sheriff, W. A. Simms, who was at hand, stepped forward to arrest Morton, when without warning he drew two pistols, and opening fire, shot the Sheriff three times, killing him. The gate-keeper then fired on Morton, striking him in the face and breaking his lower jaw. Morton was arrested and placed in jail. Saturday night about 1 o'clock a mob of one hundred men went to the jail, and taking Morton out, hung him to the rails of a bridge near at hand. The mob was very quiet about its work.

Morton claimed he did not know whom he had killed nor who it was that knocked him down. All the same, the mob swung him into eternity. Morton was under \$5,000 bond for killing a man named Wilson in Breathitt county only a short time since.

A Shroud Instead of Orange Blossoms.

Memphis, Tenn., Oct. 13.—Miss Cella Schuster, a pretty girl of this city, was to have been married tomorrow to Herman Cohn. Instead she will be buried at the hour set for the ceremony. The young girl died this morning from the effects of an overdose of morphine, believed to have been taken to relieve a headache.

A MONTGOMERY BOY

Will be Married in Grand Style October 24th.

Cards are being received by the many friends of the contracting parties to one of the swell weddings of the season, which ceremony will be solemnized in Lawrenceburg, Ky., on October 24. The participants are Miss Sadie Williams, of Lawrenceburg, and Dr. Frank Beckham Powers, of Knoxville, Tenn. The ceremony will be pronounced by the Rev. Dr. J. P. Powers, father of the groom.

Miss Williams is the handsomest daughter of Mr. H. C. Williams, formerly of Harrodsburg. Dr. Powers is a Kentuckian, being a son of one of the most prominent Baptist ministers in the State. He was educated at the colleges at Winchester and Georgetown, as well as the University of Tennessee and the University of Michigan. He now holds a responsible position among the profession of his adopted home, as well as the chair of microscopy in the Tennessee Medical College. Dr. Powers will bring with him as his attendants Dr. B. D. Bosworth, formerly of Mt. Sterling; Mr. George R. Loyall, General Superintendent of the Southern railroad, and Mr. James C. Todd, Jr., of Knoxville. These gentlemen will form a group with a trio of as lovely Kentucky belles as ever graced such an occasion—Misses Moore, of Lawrenceburg; Yates, of Richmond, and Hunter, of Harrodsburg. The nuptials will be young men of Lawrenceburg.

The wedding will occur at 8 p. m. in the First Baptist church of Lawrenceburg, and will be an elaborate affair. After the ceremony the bridal party will leave by special train for Louisville and other cities, and will be at home after November 1 at 611 Frank street, Knoxville, Tenn.

Frank Powers we know as a little curly headed, many fellow and as hardly realize that he had grown to be a man who had attained to high rank in his profession, but he has and everybody here will be glad to learn of him. Mr. Powers for many years was pastor of the Baptist church here and the faithfulness in his work will always be remembered with pleasure.

If you do not wish to always regret it, do not fail to hear John Temple Graves, at the Opera House next Thursday night.

A SAD CASE.

Forged to Buy Bread For His Starving Wife and Child.

New York, October 13.—James E. Cowan, a prominent man, of this city, was arraigned in court for forgery, after having led a straightforward and conscientious life for 35 years, but finally fell through sheer desperation when there was no food for those who depended upon him, and they owed the shelter they enjoyed to the forbearance of a warm-hearted landlord. He realized \$12 through the forgery to keep his wife and babe from starving.

This is the time of year when advertisers should do their most effective work; now is the time when hustling business men push the hardest. They have got to push. It is a settled fact that advertising is a necessity just the same as a house in which to do business in. Show us the firm that don't advertise, and we will show you one that is dead. We don't wish to impart the idea that all advertising pays. What to say, how to say and when to say it, are points to be wisely settled. Some conclude that circulars well written and distributed are the most effective. We grant this a good method; for instance a firm gets a thousand circulars, for which they pay from \$2.50 to \$4.00; should one of the proprietors distribute them the cost would be not less than two dollars more and probably many times this sum, because a customer might drop in his place of business the time he is out and fail to be pleased because this member of the firm, who usually waited on him, was not present, and thereby the loss cannot be estimated. Then if every one of the proprietors take the hands of persons who would make good customers, it would not be so effective as an advertisement in a newspaper with an average circulation, and the cost would be one-half, and aside from building up the advertiser's business, it would also promote the interests of the publisher. While circular advertising is beneficial, those in the newspapers bring in better results. Care must be taken in the wording of advertisement. The trade should not be made to expect more than what is to be given and the medium is the most important to be considered of all. Don't be talked into a thing against your judgment. You should know the number and character of readers, and this should determine where to place the advertisement. Advertising is necessary, and equally so is the choice of the proper medium.

Oil in Prospect.

Vanceburg, Ky., Oct. 11.—Great excitement was created here this morning when it was learned that oil had been found in great quantities in this county. In drilling an artesian well at Glenn Springs, near here, for salt water, oil was struck at a depth of 850 feet. It commenced flowing this morning. Drillers also struck oil at Huggles' camp-meeting grounds, six miles south, drilling for water.

During the past week, according to reports of Dun's Mercantile Agency, there were 231 business failures throughout the United States, against 393 the corresponding week last year.

ENOCH'S BARGAIN HOUSE!

Queensware & Glassware.

Cloaks and Jackets.

Carpets, Matting, Wall Paper.

Our 5c and 10c Room.

Cook Stoves.

ENEOH'S

Bargain House.

Main St., Mt. Sterling.

E. H. WUERDEMAN,

No. 58 Thirteenth St., bet. Vine and Walnut, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

LADIES' AND GENTS' APPAREL Cleaned, Dry Cleaned or Dyed

To give satisfaction, without flinching.

SPECIAL MOURNING DEPARTMENT—Full Trimmed Dresses fitted in 2 to 3 days.

Experience has proven that the best prevention against moth to have Woolen Dresses or Gent's Suits cleaned or dyed before packing them away for the season.

E. H. WUERDEMAN, ISA M. WILKERSON, at L. E. FAY'S, Agents.

Have You Anything To Sell?

Then advertise in the ADVOCATE. It will be certain to find you a purchaser.

A WREATH OF YESTERDAY.

A wreath of yesterday's
garland all the
And hang it where sweetest blossoms
From lands of memory.

A summer's smiling stealing back
A golden July day,
And cool again, as long ago,
My childhood's happy days.

The faded leaves of forest trees
Once more I seem to see
Some shadowy with the sunlight gleam
In sunny places.

And there, all from the world apart,
I dreamed the hours away—
Not empty, like dreamland, but
As a child before midday.

And from the world's warm features
Horned smiles drew,
And with those warm features hope
My soul would bravely do.

Not wholly lost, the fair, sweet dream,
Nor lacking golden light,
Strong beams shone not to protect,
Or gently to soothe.

And know that in or sorrow comes,
Or joy into our lives,
And such, as sooths the plant the light,
For the true purpose serves.

"Oh, garland made of yesterday,
You are so dear to me,
I wish you were sweetest blossoms
From lands of memory."

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

AFTER THE INQUEST.

It was a still, fair evening in late summer in the parish of Wapping. The hands had long since left, and the night watchman having abandoned his post in favor of a neighboring bar, the wharf was deserted.

An elderly seaman came to the gate and paused irresolute; then, seeing all was quiet, stole cautiously on to the jetty and stood for some time gazing curiously down on the deck of the billy boy Mary Ann, lying alongside.

With the exception of the mate, who since the lamented disappearance of his master and owner was acting as captain, the deck was as deserted as the wharf. He was smoking an evening pipe in all pride of a first command, his eye roving fondly over the blunt bows and untidy deck of his craft to the clumsy stern, when a slight cough from the man above attracted his attention.

"How do, George?" said the man on the jetty, somewhat sheepishly, as the other looked up.

The mate opened his mouth, and the pipe fell from it and smashed to pieces unnoticed. "Got mitch, stuff in her this trip?" continued the man, with an obvious attempt to appear at ease.

The mate, still looking up, backed slowly to the other side of the deck, but made no reply.

"What's the matter, man?" said the other testily. "You don't seem over and above anxious to see me."

He leaned over as he spoke, and laying hold of the rigging descended to the deck while the mate took his breath in short gasps.

"Here I am, and here," said the intruder, "turned up like a bad penny, and glad to see your handsome face again. I can tell you."

In response to this flattering remark George gurgled.

"Why," said the other, with an uneasy laugh, "ha, ha! Feel that?"

He fetched the horrified man a thump in the back which stopped even his gurgles.

"That feel like a dead man?" asked the smiler, raising his hand again. "Feel?"

The man moved back hastily.

"That'll do, don't be sulky. Ghost or no ghost, don't you hit me like that again."

"A right, George," said the other as he meditatively felt the stiff gray whisker which framed his red face.

"What's the news?"

"The news," said George, who was of slow habits and speech, "is that you was found last Tuesday week off St. Katherine's stairs, you was sat on a Friday week in the Town o' Rangoon public house and buried on Monday afternoon at Loweroff."

"Buried!" gasped the other. "Sat on! You've been drinking, George."

"And a pretty penny your funeral cost, I can tell you," continued the mate. "There's a headstone being made now—Lived lamented and died respected, I think it is, with 'Not lost, but gone before' at the bottom."

"Lived respected and died lamented," you mean," growled the old man; "well, a nice middle you've made of it between you. Things always go wrong when I'm not here to look after them."

"You ain't dead, then?" said the mate, faking no notice of this unreasonable remark. "Where've you been all this long time?"

"No more than you're master o' this 'ere ship," replied Mr. Harbott gruffly. "I've been a bit queer in the stomach, and I took a little drink to correct it. Foolishlike, I took the wrong drink, and it must have got into my head."

"That's the worst of not being used to it," said the mate, without moving a muscle.

The skipper eyed him solemnly, but the mate said firm.

"After that," continued the skipper, "still watching him suspiciously, I remember no more distinctly until this morning, when I found myself sitting on a step down Foglar

way and shivering with the morning newspaper and a crowd around me."

"Morning newspaper!" repeated the mystified mate. "What was that for?"

"Deacony," he was wrapped up in it, "that's the skipper. 'Where I came from or how I got there I don't know no more than Adam. I suppose I must have been ill. I seem to remember taking something out of a bottle, pretty often. Some old gentleman in the crowd took me into a shop and brought me those clothes, and here I am. My own clo's and the 230 o' freight money I had in my pocket is all gone."

"Well, I'm heartily glad to see you back," said the mate. "It's quite a homecoming for you. Your missus is down at."

"My missus? What the devil's she about?"

"She's down at the grocer's, but she's not here," said the skipper, successfully controlling his natural gratification at the news.

"She's been with us those last two trips," replied the mate. "She's had business to settle, and she's been gone through your lockers to clean up like."

"My lockers!" growled the skipper. "Good heavens! There's things in them lockers I wouldn't have her see for the world. Women are so nosy and so fond o' making something out o' nothing. There's a pore female touched a bit on the upper story what's been writing love letters to me, George."

"Three pore females!" said the mate. "The missus has tied up with blue ribbons. Very far gone they was too."

"George," said the skipper in a broken voice, "I'm a ruined man, I'll never hear the end o' this. I guess I'll go and sleep for 'ard this voyage and be low. Be careful you don't let on I'm aboard, and after that I'll think o' some explanation to tell her. You might be thinking too."

"I'll do what I can," said the mate. "Creak me up to the old girl all you can. Tell her that I used to write to all sorts o' people, and get a drop a drink in me. Say how thoughtful I always was of her. You might tell her about that gold locket I bought for her and got robbed of."

"Gold locket!" said the mate in tones of great surprise.

"Anything you can think of, you needn't be perturbed. After that you can drop little hints about people being buried and above all, to see me."

He leaned over as he spoke, and laying hold of the rigging descended to the deck while the mate took his breath in short gasps.

"Here I am, and here," said the intruder, "turned up like a bad penny, and glad to see your handsome face again. I can tell you."

In response to this flattering remark George gurgled.

"Why," said the other, with an uneasy laugh, "ha, ha! Feel that?"

He fetched the horrified man a thump in the back which stopped even his gurgles.

"That feel like a dead man?" asked the smiler, raising his hand again. "Feel?"

The man moved back hastily.

"That'll do, don't be sulky. Ghost or no ghost, don't you hit me like that again."

"A right, George," said the other as he meditatively felt the stiff gray whisker which framed his red face.

"What's the news?"

"The news," said George, who was of slow habits and speech, "is that you was found last Tuesday week off St. Katherine's stairs, you was sat on a Friday week in the Town o' Rangoon public house and buried on Monday afternoon at Loweroff."

"Buried!" gasped the other. "Sat on! You've been drinking, George."

"And a pretty penny your funeral cost, I can tell you," continued the mate. "There's a headstone being made now—Lived lamented and died respected, I think it is, with 'Not lost, but gone before' at the bottom."

"Lived respected and died lamented," you mean," growled the old man; "well, a nice middle you've made of it between you. Things always go wrong when I'm not here to look after them."

"You ain't dead, then?" said the mate, faking no notice of this unreasonable remark. "Where've you been all this long time?"

"No more than you're master o' this 'ere ship," replied Mr. Harbott gruffly. "I've been a bit queer in the stomach, and I took a little drink to correct it. Foolishlike, I took the wrong drink, and it must have got into my head."

"That's the worst of not being used to it," said the mate, without moving a muscle.

The skipper eyed him solemnly, but the mate said firm.

"After that," continued the skipper, "still watching him suspiciously, I remember no more distinctly until this morning, when I found myself sitting on a step down Foglar

their breakfast for his recent. The amount of explanation required for so simple a matter was remarkable, the crew manifesting a demerence which irritated him almost beyond endurance. They promised, however, to do the best they could for him, and returned in triumph after a hearty meal and presented their enraged commander with a few greasy crabs and the tail of a bloater.

For the next two days the wind was against them, and they made but little progress. Mrs. Harbott spent most of her time on deck, thereby confining her husband to his waiting quarters below. Matters were not improved for him by his treatment of the crew, who, resenting his rough treatment of them, were doing their best to starve him into civility. Most of the time he kept in his bunk—or rather he kept in Jimmy's bunk—a prey to despondency and hunger of an acute type, venturing on deck only at night to put unbecomingly and bemoan his condition.

On the third night Mrs. Harbott was lying in retiring than usual, and it was nearly midnight before the skipper, who had been indignantly waiting for her to go, was able to get on deck and hold counsel with the mate.

"I've done what I could for you," said the latter, fishing a crust from his pocket, which Harbott took gratefully. "I've told her all the yarns I could think of about people turning up when they were buried and the like."

"What'd she say?" queried the skipper eagerly between his teeth.

"Told me not to talk like that," said the mate; "said it showed a want o' trust in Providence to hint at such things. Then I told her what you asked me about the locket, and she made it a bracelet worth £10."

"That pleased her?" suggested the other hopefully.

The mate shook his head. "She said I was a born fool to believe you asked me about the locket," he replied. "She said you'd done was to give it to one o' them pore females. She's been going on frightful about it all the afternoon. Won't talk o' nothing else."

"I don't know what's to be done," growled the skipper despondently. "I shall be dead afore we get to port if this wind holds. Go down and get me something to eat, George. I'm starving."

"Every thing's locked up, as I told you afore," said the mate.

"As the master of this ship," said the skipper, drawing himself up, "I order you to go down and get me something to eat. You can tell the missus it's for you if she says anything."

"I'm hanged if I will!" said the mate sturdily. "Why don't you go down and have it out with her like a man? She can't eat you."

"I'm not going to," said the other shortly. "I'm a determined man, and when I say a thing I mean it. It's going to be better to her gradual, as I said. I don't want her to be scared, poor thing."

"I know who'd be scared the most," murmured the mate.

The skipper looked at him fiercely, and then set down wearily on the hatch with his hands between his knees, rising after a time to get the dipper and drink copiously from the water cask. Then, replacing it with a sigh, he laid the mate a early good night and went below.

To his dismay he found when he awoke in the morning that what little wine there was had dropped in the night, and the billy boy was just rising and falling lazily on the deck in a fashion most objectionable to an empty stomach. It was the last straw, and he made things so uncomfortable below that the crew was obliged to escape to deck, where they squatted down in the bows and proceeded to review a situation which was rapidly becoming unbearable.

"I've ad enough of it, Joe," grumbled the boy. "I'm sure all over with sleeping on the floor, and the old man's temper gets wuss and wuss. I'm going to be ill."

"Whaffor?" queried Joe dully.

"You tell the missus I'm down below ill. Say you think I am dying," responded the infant Machiavelli. "Then you'll see something if you keep your eyes open."

He went below again, not without a little nervousness, and climbed into Joe's bunk rolled on his back and gave a deep groan.

"What's the matter with you?" growled the skipper, who was lying in the other bunk, staring off the pants of hunger with a pipe.

"I'm very ill—dying," said Joe, with another groan.

"You'd better stay in bed and have your breakfast brought down here, then," said the skipper kindly. "I don't want no breakfast," said Joe faintly.

"That's no reason why you shouldn't have it sent down, you're feeling little brats," said the skipper indignantly. "You tell Joe to bring you down a good plate o' cold meat and pickles and some coffee. That's what you want."

"All right, sir," said Jimmy, "I hope they won't let the missus know how here is case it's something

catching. Better close the scuttles, sir."

"Eh?" said the skipper in alarm. "Certainly not. Here you go up and die on deck. Hurry up with you."

"I can't get up too weak," said Jimmy.

"You're up on deck at once, I've heard me!" hissed the skipper in alarm.

"I o-o-can't help it," sobbed Jimmy, who was enjoying the situation amazingly. "I've been sleeping on the hard floor's snapped something inside me."

"If you don't go, I'll take you," said the skipper, and he was about to put his threat into execution when a shadow fell across the opening, and a voice which thrilled him to the core said softly, "Jimmy."

"You're!" said Jimmy languidly as the skipper flung himself in his bunk and drew the clothes over him.

"How do you feel?" inquired Mrs. Harbott.

"Dead all over," said Jimmy. "Oh, don't come down, mum! Please don't!"

"Rubbish," said Mrs. Harbott tartly as she came slowly down back stairs. "I've got a damper in me, Jimmy! No wonder you're ill. Put your tongue out."

Jimmy complied.

"I can't see properly here," murmured the lady, "but I looks worse than I do. I've got to go in the bunk, Jimmy. It's a good bit higher than this, and you'd get more air and be more comfortable altogether."

"Joe wouldn't like it, mum," said the boy anxiously. The last glimpse he had of the skipper's face did not make him yearn to share his bed with him.

"Stuff and nonsense," said Mrs. Harbott hotly. "Who's Joe? I'd like to know? But you come."

"I can't move, mum," said Joe firmly.

"Nonsense," said the lady. "I'll just put it straight for you first, and then I'll come."

"No, don't, mum!" shouted Jimmy, now thoroughly alarmed at the success of his plot. "There's—there's a gentleman in that bunk. A gentleman's brought from London for a change of sea air."

"My goodness gracious!" ejaculated the surprised Mrs. Harbott. "I never did—why, what's he had to eat?"

"He—he didn't want nothing to eat," said Jimmy, with a woeful disregard for facts.

"What's the matter with him?" inquired Mrs. Harbott, eying the bunk curiously. "What's his name?"

"Who's his name?"

"He's been lost a long time," said Jimmy, "and he's forgotten who he is. He's a oldish man, with a red face and a little white whiskers all round it. A very nice looking man. I don't think he's hurt badly. I don't think he's quite right in his mind, cos he says he ought to have been buried instead of some one else. Oh!"

The last word was almost a scream, for Mrs. Harbott, staggering back, pinched him convulsively.

"Jimmy," she gasped in a trembling voice as she suddenly remembered certain mysterious hints thrown out by the mate. "Who is it?"

"The captain," said Jimmy, and breaking from her clasp slipped from his bed and darted hastily on deck just as the pallid face of his commandant broke through the blankets and beamed anxiously on his wife.

Five minutes later, as the crew, gathered aft, were curiously eying the fo'ls's, Mrs. Harbott and the skipper came on deck. To the great astonishment of the redoubtable mate, the eyes of the redoubtable woman were slightly wet, and she slung fondly to her husband as they walked slowly to the cabin, regardless of the presence of the men. Ere they went below, however, she called the grinning Jimmy to her, and to his indignating grief and shame tucked his head under her arm and publicly kissed him—Boston Herald.

He caught on.

"But you eastern people are so conventional!" said the western beauty to a Boston young man who was regarding her with half fearful admiration. "Your language is so unpolite, and so vulgar, I think our slang is delightful; it's most suggestive, you don't know. You can express ever so much more than you would dare to say in ordinary parlance."

"Oh, do talk slang to me, then," begged the youth faintly.

"Oh, come off the freight!" she responded at once, with a charming smile.

"What?" he answered, quite bewildered.

"Get on the passenger, do," she continued laughingly.

"I haven't an idea what you mean," he exclaimed despairingly.

"Why, I only wanted to say that you were too slow," she explained wickily.

"Look out for yourself," he cried at last, catching on. "I am on the express!"—New York Tribune.

C. & O. RAILWAY.

New York,
Philadelphia
Washington.
Boston.
And all Eastern Cities.

Time Card in Effect May 28, '93.
From Mt. Sterling.
East Bound Leaves Mt. Sterling

Atlantic Express No. 23, daily 9:30 a.m.
Midland Express No. 9, daily 11:30 a.m.
Westbound Express No. 24, daily 1:30 p.m.
Mt. Sterling Express No. 25, daily 3:30 p.m.

WEST BOUND Leaves Mt. Sterling
*Longham Accommodation No. 7 5:30 a.m.
*Louisville Express No. 1 11:30 a.m.
*Lexington Express No. 28 1:30 p.m.
*Westbound Express No. 29 3:30 p.m.
*Daily except Sunday.

Solid vestibuled trains with dining cars. No transfers.
Through sleepers from Lexington without change.
G. W. FARNEY, Dist. Pass. Agt.
Lexington, Ky.
C. E. RYAN, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Kentucky Midland Ry.

—Shortest and quickest between—
CINCINNATI AND FRANKFORT.
—Only direct line between—
Frankfort, Georgetown and Paris.
Carlisle, Maytown, Cynthiana,
Falmouth and Covington.

—ASK FOR TICKETS VIA KY. MIDLAND—
Trains Run By Central Standard Time.
TIME TABLE APRIL 1, 1894.

| TRAINS EAST. | | AM | PM | PM |
|--------------------|--------|-------|-------|-------|
| | | No. 1 | No. 3 | No. 5 |
| Lv Frankfort | A..... | 7:00 | 4:20 | 1:00 |
| Lv Summit | | 7:09 | 4:29 | 1:09 |
| Lv Elkhorn | | 7:11 | 4:39 | 1:11 |
| Lv Switzer | | 7:18 | 4:46 | 1:18 |
| Lv Stanning Ground | | 7:28 | 4:51 | 1:28 |
| Lv Durall | | 7:34 | 5:04 | 1:34 |
| Lv Johnson | | 7:40 | 5:04 | 1:40 |
| Lv Georgetown | B..... | 7:46 | 5:12 | 1:46 |
| Lv S Depot | | 7:55 | 5:20 | 1:55 |
| Lv Newburg | | 8:00 | 5:25 | 2:00 |
| Lv Centville | | 8:16 | 5:27 | 2:16 |
| Lv Elizabethtown | | 8:30 | 5:43 | 2:30 |
| Lv Paris | | 8:39 | 5:56 | 2:39 |
| | | AM | PM | AM |

HAPPY ALBANY.
How dear to our hearts is the old pump on First street.
As, when we are thirsty, it form greets our eyes.
Or, when our thirst seems to crack with a thirst back.
We hear some one pumping it as we draw sight.
How eagerly, quickly we pump the sweet drink up.
Into the old tin cup that is to be shared.
And then, how our lips taste the rim of that tin cup.
And hold it until the sweet contents are drained.
The old pump on First street.
The sweet pump on First street.
The old pump on First street, not far up from Swan.
There, beautiful maidens oft moisten their sweet lips.
There, rollicking schoolboys repair after school.
And often the good natured matron's discreet lips.
Are bathed in its crystalline beverage cool.
There, passing old age, with a dash, on each feature.
May often be seen in the cool of the day.
Awaiting his turn to fill his small pitcher.
The old pump on First street.
The sweet pump on First street.
The old pump on First street, not far up from Swan.
How sweet to the lips of stern bolt's sons and daughters.
Who, however repairing an eva's shadowy flask.
Old pump, its scintillant, life giving water.
How cool, how refreshing to each parched throat!
Oh, there all may drink without fear of a scandal!
To all it is free as the breeze of the meads.
For just a few strokes of the iron handle it yields forth more than the thirstiest need.
The old pump on First street.
The sweet pump on First street.
The old pump on First street, not far up from Swan.
—James Rowe, the Blacksmith Post, in Albany Argus.

OVERCONFIDENCE.

The waves glided in softly, lazily, almost as though 'twere too much trouble, and slid back again, with little angry hisses at the greenliness with which the baking sands welcomed them and sucked them in. The seaweeds spread out their long arms eagerly to be taken back and refreshed and given new life, for the sun had been very merciful that afternoon. There seemed to be only one cool spot in the length and breadth of the cove, and that was where a large rock threw a shadow across the sand, leaving the front of the sun's fierceness on one side while he protected his little friends in the pool on the other.
The girl sat on the other as quiet and still as the anemones on the pool, her hands folded in her lap, her eyes idly watching a boat making its way across the blue waters, apparently to the very spot where she was sitting.
The man was in the boat. He was rowing jerkily, stopping every now and again to inspect the coast. During one of these pauses he caught sight of the girl's white sunbonnet. He breathed a sigh of thankfulness.
"A native at last, thank goodness. I'll see if I can get any sense out of her."
He was very warm and very cross, and the girl saw it as he jumped out and drew his boat up and was amused thereby, though no trace of her amusement showed itself in her face. She looked at him unconcernedly, a trifle haughtily, it seemed, but it may have been that the curves of her lips gave her a haughty expression at all times.
The man sauntered up to her, struggling into his blazer the while. "Can you tell me the name of this inf—this place?" he asked curiously, not troubling to remove his cap.
She looked at him from his toes upward, and being tall he began to feel uncomfortable long before her eyes had reached his face.
"I can," she said slowly. He waited for more, but no more came.
"Then will you be good and tell me you see I'm in a devil of a hurry?"
The girl looked away over the glittering water and smiled a tiny, maddening smile. "Yes," she said, "I can, and I suppose that is what has made you so angry."
"Confound the girl!" he broke out rudely. "If it is that you won't give any information unless you are paid for it, why on earth don't you say so!"
Her eyes were full of laughter now, though her face was cold and stern, but she kept her head bowed, so that the man nothing was visible but the outline of a round pink cheek and a cluster of little dark curls, struggling out from under her sunbonnet.
"If you had asked me civilly, I would have told you at once!"
The man took off his cap, with an elaborate bow. "Will you oblige so insignificant a person as myself," he said mockingly, "by informing me of the name of this cove, Miss—Miss—"
"Doris Carew," the girl answered, looking up at him with a little triumphant sparkle in her eyes, "and this is Tremellen cove. It belongs to my father, and am waiting here for some friends we have asked to picnic here today. And you?"
"I—I am a friend of the Martyns, I was to have met them here. I—I believe you were so kind as to include me, but—but—"
"Ah, here are the servants with the provisions, and this is a beautiful of my friends coming round the point."
She began to move quickly away, then stopped and looked at the man. He stood transfixed, and the same spot, uncomfortable, ashamed, furious with himself and everybody. She looked at him so oddly that he grew

still more uneasy. It was as if she were questioning something she was revolving in her own mind. Then she held out her hand, with a smile that drove all his hangings from her face.
"We will forget our first meeting," she said kindly. "And imagine we have only just met. I am very glad to see you. Your mistake was all the fault of this bonnet of mine. All my friends know me and my bonnets, but of course to a stranger they are a relief of the dark ages," and she gave it a little vindictive puff back of her face.
"Yes, confound the thing!" thought the man, not having said enough or sense to see that it was, beyond any other, the most becoming headgear she could have worn.
Then they went off to superintend the tea arrangements, and the girl, by her tact, soon set the man at his ease, so that by the time the loaded boat drew in to the shore they were, to all appearance, quite friendly, and the man not disinclined to put on airs before these newcomers and pretend to greater friendliness than existed.
"She is indeed pretty, after all," he said to himself. "Not at all bad for the country. Of course she has no style and can't dress, but I don't at all like her unaffected sort of girl and in a way. I've a good mind to get up a flirtation." He looked at her as she stood calling to the people in the boat, the soft breeze from the sea just rousing the curls on her forehead, her face flushed a little, her eyes flashing and sparkling. "By Jove, though, I must be careful, for I have no need of a bother when I leave!" Those dark eyes glared at her devotee and all when they are in love with a chap.
Just at this moment a man came clambering down a path through the rocks into the cove—a tall, lithe man, with fair, curly hair and a plain, good tempered face.
"Another native?" "I suppose," thought the man. "They aren't a bad set to look at, but of course there's no knowing what figure they'd cut in town. What a cap and masher by Jove!" He advanced to greet them, even down here. And he looked at him complacently down at himself and kicked off a diminutive fly whose tiny black body was marring the effect of the new whites. But when he looked again he saw that the Native had two oars on his very shabby top.
"An old Blue," he commented more respectfully. "Well, I'll bless it if I know how a man of that sort can stand this kind of thing!"
He referred to the country, the company, the entertainment, and spoke as a fellow martyr.
"He'll be quite thankful to have some one from town to talk to."
The girl, turning round from welcoming her friends, saw the Native coming toward her. The little cry she gave was expressive and full of meaning, but it was utterly borne by the man's indifference. He only saw her step quickly up to the Native and give him her hand.
"I am so glad you have come."
"You know I should."
That was all. The Native looked at the girl; the girl blushed a little; the man saw nothing. He placed himself beside the girl and bowed her heartily, nor did he see that either.
There were several girls there, some pretty, some plain, some simply dressed, others reminding one of London and fashion plates.
The man allowed himself to be attracted by one of these after a time, and found, when the conversation reached London, that they had much in common. Probably he would have relinquished his cruel designs on the peep of mind of the girl if it had not been that, when "wandering along, discomfitedly wondering how much longer 'these people are going to stay here,'" he happened upon the girl and the Native walking together and talking earnestly. True, he saw nothing beyond the fact that they were walking together, but that was enough.
"Confound the fellow!" he said savagely. "I meant to have caught on there myself. I will, too, by Jove! And I'll cut him out. It'll be as fine as kicking him at Henley!"
The young Native wandered back over the cliffs, silent and thoughtful. The man returned home with a triumphant smile on his lips and pride in his heart. The girl went to her home on the cliff top, smiling happily.
It was odd that such a lady individual as the man should sacrifice himself as he did during the next week or so and still more odd when one remembers that sea water is death to new white flannels and tan boots; also that the girl from town was lodging in the place. But day after day the man in his boat shot out across the bay to Tremellen cove, and day after day found the girl sitting in her boat, reading or working or idly staring out to sea.
She did not always smile at the man when he arrived. Sometimes she was very cold and distant. Once or twice she only bowed and went on reading, leaving the man to wonder discomfitedly about the lonely beach, or to take back and return, not being of the bipartite nature of species, did neither the seated herself beside the girl and began to talk. Then she, being a lady, etc., etc.

book and listened, while her eyes wandered from the sea to the path down the cliff and back again. They did not often include the man in that gaze, but that put down to shyness.
There were times, though, when the girl seemed in high spirits and was exceedingly gracious and attentive, and he noticed that she often inquired how much longer his visit to the west would last. His reply generally caused the girl to turn the conversation abruptly or to get up and walk about a little, but he put that down to her emotion or determination to cast all care away from her until such time as she could no longer do so.
The man had a month's holiday every year—a fortnight in the summer and a fortnight at Christmas—but this year when his fortnight had nearly expired he wrote for an extension of leave, asking to have another week now instead of in the winter. That happened several days after the picnic and when he had become accustomed to the lack of smartness in the girl. In fact, he grew really quite fished by her country style, he told himself.
"I must really let her know I am off tomorrow," he said as he rowed across the bay on the last day of his holiday. "Poor little soul. I hope she won't take on much. By Jove, though, I shall feel it myself! I've been a awful fool. I'd no idea I should fall in love with her like this; was never really gone on any one in my life before, and I don't like the feeling at all. It takes all the starch out of a fellow." He sat and meditated long and earnestly; then he looked around to see where his boat had drifted. He was not far from the cove, for the wind was high and had carried him in. Under the sheltering rock, where he had first seen her, was the girl in her white sunbonnet. "I'll do it, I'm bothered if I won't."
Hang it all, she can't refuse, and she'd cause quite a sensation in town when she was dressed smartly. I'm really awfully fond of her. I'd no idea I'd got it into me to be so fond of any one." He pulled swiftly in, and the girl looked up from her book with a bright, welcoming smile and was unusually gracious to him. She knew it was his last day. They strolled back to the favorite spot where they would be out of the wind and from whence she could watch the cliff path and the sea. The man lay on the sand and looked up at her.
"I'm going away tomorrow," he said abruptly, watching her keenly. The girl withdrew her eyes from the cliff slowly, and a second or two passed before she answered him. It almost seemed as though she had not heard his remark.
"Going away?" she said at last. "I am so sorry. It means the end!"
The man sprang into a sitting position. Since he had been in the girl's presence he had not felt quite so certain of her, but these words of hers gave him unbounded assurance, her silence during which, of course, he had been striving to master her emotion, spoke volumes—to the man, at any rate. He knelt on the sand beside her. "My—," he began, but she, not noticing him, continued absent ly, though a little sadly, as though her thoughts had been elsewhere.
"It means that the summer is nearly over, and I am so sorry."
"It means more than that to me," burst forth the man impetuously.
"Yes, of course; to you it means work. It must be very hard to go back to town and its fogs and dirt after this," waving her hands toward the beautiful country before them. "I am always so thankful I live in the country."
"Would nothing induce you to leave it?" he asked eagerly. "Don't you think you could get as fond of London in time as you might be willing to live there now—if your home and your husband were there?"
She colored confusedly. "But my home is here, and I—I have no."
"Yes, yes, I know. But would you not leave this home and the scenery for the sake of some one you loved?"
The girl grew collected enough in a moment or so.
"Yes," she said seriously. "I would do both, and I would live in London all the year round for any one I cared for."
She glanced up along the cliff path, though there was nothing there to account for her shyness.
The man sprang up.
"Then do it for me," he cried.
The girl sprang up, too, and looked around her as if for help.
"Are you mad, or—?"
She could think of no other excuse for his extraordinary behavior.
But the man grew annoyed at the suggestion and then and there blurted out his love—which really was very genuine, for the time at any rate, and he thought that she loved him. He was rather certain on that point and spoke with some assurance, so that it was not to be wondered at that the girl grew so pale and rose to great heights in her indignation.
"Understand," she said, trying to speak calmly, "this cove was my brother's, during his long room, long, long before you came, and I loved it and will be for long after you are gone. It was my nursery even, and I did not see why I should be driven from the place I had spent my days in for you."
"I could not order you off, and you refused to take my silence or coldness as a hint, that your continuous

intrusion was an annoyance to me. Such a possibility was beyond your comprehension, I suppose. If you suffer, it is your own fault, and I hope it may teach you to be a little less presumptuous in your opinion of girls. Now, I think you had better go."
There was a pause, during which the man tried to think of something very telling to hurl at the girl in reply, but before he had thought of it the girl gave that same little cry she had given on the same day of the picnic, when she turned and saw the Native.
She moved away a little and then stopped. "Perhaps I had better tell you," she said merrily, "that I am engaged to that gentleman you see coming down the cliff path. Now, perhaps you will understand how mistaken you have been." Again she moved away; again she hesitated and returned. "I am awfully sorry I spoke as I did just now," she said, smiling sweetly at the man. "But, believe me, you can do no greater insult to a girl's feelings than by taking it for granted that she loves you, particularly when, in your case, you deliberately intended to make her do so." Then she left and joined the Native.
So in this case it was the man who had to bear the mortification and the pain, and, unlike a woman, he could not bear it well, perhaps because he was not so accustomed to it. He walked away almost rudely, with words and feelings that would not bear interpretation, and took boat and rowed hard across the bay, and as he rowed the girl grew heavy with remarks about the wind, the boat, the sea and the Native, but his remarks about the girl were so weighty that they could not rise—Gentlemen.
—Selator Cyprian.
In former times geyring was part of a scholar's life. He was compelled to journey over half of Europe, it might be to the college of his choice, in a time when journeying was not always pleasant and seldom easy. The laws against begging were relaxed in his favor. He had no baggage except a book or two, and with his staff in his hand he trudged merrily forward on his adventures. These men were the most cultured of their age. The head that was covered by that tatterdemalion bonnet might be debating Greek points in the Aristotelian logic or with Plato framing immortal commonwealths.
A sun-browned scholar was not apt to suffer from pedantry or unrelaxingness of mind, while to sustain him on his way he had his love for learning and many rich eclectic stores to draw on for his entertainment. In days nearer our own some few members of the fraternity still survive. Goldsmith, fresh from his desultory college life, tramped through many countries with his flute in his pocket and carried the large kindness of which makes one of the best features of his work—Macmillan's Magazine.

HIGH CLASS CLOTHING!

Young & Hazelrigg.

AGAIN CALL YOUR ATTENTION TO THE FACT THAT THEY WILL SELL YOU A HIGHER GRADE OF GOODS FOR LESS MONEY THAN ANY OTHER HOUSE IN THE CITY.

ESPECIALLY

TO CASH AND SHORT TIME BUYERS WILL WE GIVE BARGAINS, FOR WE NEED MONEY AND NEED IT BADLY. CALL AT ONCE AND SEE WHAT WE CAN DO FOR YOU.

RESPECTFULLY,

YOUNG & HAZELRIGG

MAIN STREET, MT. STERLING, KY.

CASH PAID FOR OLD LIFE INSURANCE POLICIES...

ADDRESS: CHAS. M. GRUBBS, S. E. Cor. Fifth and Main Streets, LOUISVILLE, KY.

G. E. & J. L. COLEMAN,

REPRESENT THE Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company.

Which offers better advantages for less money than any other Company.

G. E. & J. L. COLEMAN, 251, Sterling, Ky.

W. T. TILL & E. F. ROBERTS, MANAGERS

FOR WATER. STAR Planing Mill Co.

If you Want a good WELL Sentf & Kendall will get it for you CHEAP.

They are prepared to go any depth.

WORKS! WHITE'S CREAM VERMIFUGE

FOR 20 YEARS Has Sold Iron Remedies. EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. PREPARED BY DR. J. C. WHITE, NEW YORK.

Mr. Jinks—I see the editor of The Trumpet is having trouble with his wife. Silly man! He's a fool. His wife Jinks—I don't wonder. He's always printing articles about housework being beautiful—New York Weekly.

Manufacturers and dealers in all kinds of Rough & Dressed LUMBER, White Pine and Poplar Singles, Doors of all Sizes, Sash—Glazed and Unglazed Window and Door Frames, Moulding and Brackets of all kinds, Verandas of every Description. Star Planing Mill Company, Mt. Sterling, Ky.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion & Debility.

